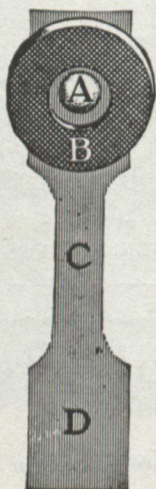


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Nor will you ever pare them. Paring takes off just the top of the corn. And a slip of the blade means infection—sometimes a dangerous one.

The right way—the easy way—is to end them completely with this famous Blue-jay plaster. Prove it today.

A in the picture is the soft B & B wax. It loosens the corn.
B protects the corn, stopping the pain at once.
C wraps around the toe. It is narrowed to be comfortable.
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The Blue Cornucopia

(Continued from page 8.)

finding out if there were still Stukeleys at Knoll House, Eldingham; or, if not, where the family had gone to. None occurred to Cecilia. If there was no one there to receive the letter it would come back to her through the Dead Letter Office. So she waited.

However, three days later, just when Miss Wade had begun again to fret for the missing cornucopia, Cecilia was informed that a gentleman wished to see her. He was in the drawing-room, and he had sent up his card:

"Sir Cuthbert Stukeley.

Knoll House, Eldingham. Travellers' and Naval and Military Club."

She went downstairs, a certain feeling of excitement stirring her quiet pulses. At the end of the long drawing-room—Miss Wade lived in a stately Tavistock-square house—a gentleman was standing by the window looking out. He turned about as Cecilia entered. He was tall, dark, with a slightly grizzled head, although he could not have been much more than thirty. He had a kind, honest face—at the moment somewhat harassed, as though from recent trouble. Cecilia noticed that he wore a mourning band on the sleeve of his coat.

He smiled, and the smile lit up the sombreness of his face, which, indeed, was not natural to it. He had a curiously-shaped paper parcel in his hand.

"This took some little searching for," he said, holding it out to her. Plainly it was the cornucopia. "Knoll is so full of all manner of things. I am so glad I have got it for you at last. How is Miss Wade?"

To her amazement Cecilia found herself talking to Sir Cuthbert Stukeley as though she had known him all her life. While they talked a message came summoning her to Miss Wade's room. She left him with an apology. He did not seem in any great haste to be gone.

She went upstairs, carrying the cornucopia in her hand. As soon as Miss Wade heard about its restoration she was all eagerness to see the young man, who must be the son of Peter Stukeley, whom she might have married if she would. Cecilia was to go downstairs and insist on his staying for lunch. Miss Wade must get up. Pratt would help her to dress. She felt wonderfully well this morning. Cecilia would see that there was a good luncheon, such as a man needed—no niggling little dishes; but something substantial as well as dainty. She was to go down now and invite Sir Cuthbert to stay on for lunch, to see his mother's and grandmother's old friend.

SIR CUTHBERT was not unwilling to stay for lunch. He even accompanied Cecilia when she went out to do her marketing. She had explained that she must leave him for that purpose; and he had asked—in a deprecating manner—if he might accompany her. He carried her little basket in which she was to bring back some things the cook could not wait for.

Why, what had happened to Cecilia and to the grey London streets? The shops had never looked so gay before. The sun shone goldenly on the pavements, and the trees in the squares showed a mist of green. The people who passed them by in the street no longer seemed haggard and anxious as they had often seemed to Cecilia. They were smiling and happy. The tulips and daffodils in the flower-girls' baskets made vivid splashes of colour on the pavements. Cecilia's own heart was irrationally light. She laughed and was merry. She called her new friend into consultation with her over her purchases. There was a gentle and innocent coquetry about her. Cecilia was looking twenty to-day; and as for Cuthbert Stukeley, the shadow had lifted from his face.

It was the oddest thing to Cecilia to sit at lunch with Cuthbert Stukeley the other side of the table. Old Stevens, the butler, beamed benevolently upon them. He had brought out a bottle of the best Burgundy for Sir Cuthbert's delectation. He remembered Sir Peter and Sir Anthony before him. It was a dull thing to have come down to a family of two ladies who drank only water.

Miss Wade seemed to have taken a

new lease of life. That first day Sir Cuthbert Stukeley sat by her sofa upstairs for quite an hour. There were so many things she had to ask and hear about the family; so many memories of them to unpack. Sir Cuthbert's father and mother were both dead; his father long ago, his mother only recently. That explained the shadow on his face. "The Stukeleys were always good sons and husbands," Miss Wade said later. "I ought to have married Peter Stukeley. If I had I should have been this young man's mother."

CUTHBERT STUKELEY was in town for a few weeks. He was unflinchingly attentive in his calls at Tavistock-square. As though his coming, or the restoration of the blue cornucopia, had given her new life, Miss Wade steadily mended; before the end of the week was downstairs, and the doctor talking of a change to seaside or country.

Cecilia was delighted. Miss Wade might have been the tenderest person to her all these years to see her delight. To be sure, Miss Wade was changed—the old coldness and selfishness a thing of the past.

"You have been a very good child to me, Ciss," she said, the day she gave her some of her finest lace. "I haven't been very good to you. But all that is to be changed. We are going to have some new frocks, Cecilia. Do you know that I have only just discovered how pretty you are? A purblind, selfish old woman."

It was the day she came downstairs. Cecilia ran to her, kissed her, and protested against the lady's really well-deserved description of herself as she had been.

They were discussing the change when Sir Cuthbert came in. Should it be Eastbourne or Tunbridge Wells? Cecilia sat at the writing table, her pen poised above the sheet of notepaper. She was going to write and engage rooms. Easter was coming; and at Easter every place would be full. Eastbourne or Tunbridge Wells? Miss Wade favoured the Wells; she had had glorious times there long ago.

"What's the matter with Knoll?" asked Sir Cuthbert, sitting down by the old lady's sofa and taking her hand. "I assure you that you and Miss Cecilia would be very comfortable at Knoll. The air is bracing, the country beautiful; we have a very good doctor within easy reach. Think of it."

"I should love it," said Miss Wade, with great animation. Why, she had gone back twenty years since the son of her old lover had come to remind her of her youth. "What do you say, Ciss?"

Cecilia, in her secret heart, was uplifted. It had occurred to her coldly that she was going to miss Cuthbert Stukeley, to miss him badly. Eastbourne—Tunbridge Wells; and Cuthbert Stukeley gone away! For the first time the youth in her cried out against the perpetual companionship of old ladies which had fallen to her lot all the days of her life, till it had been broken up by the coming of Cuthbert Stukeley.

He took charge of them on the journey as though he had been the son of hers. Miss Wade said he ought to have been. It was all wonderful to Cecilia—the being taken care of, the journey through the country opening to the first delicate green of spring, the drive to Knoll, the arrival at the beautiful old black-and-white house in the midst of its stately park.

There was a significance in their reception by the old servants at Knoll which Cecilia hardly apprehended. The best rooms had been prepared for them. The old house was gay with flowers. Huge fires burnt in all the rooms, for the day had the chilliness of early spring.

Catching sight of herself as she went to dinner in a mirror at the head of the stairs, Cecilia hardly recognized herself. Was it herself, Cecilia, this radiant-looking young woman in trailing white garments? This, Cecilia, who had called herself an old maid, and would have been content to be dowdy if she had not been half French?

She found Sir Cuthbert in the drawing-room awaiting her. Her aunt's progress downstairs was still a somewhat